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A

CATALOGUE

OF THE

Second EXHIBITION of PICTURES,

PAINTED FOR

Mr. MACKLIN,

BY THE

ARTISTS OF BRITAIN,

ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE

BRITISH POETS.

MAY 4th. 1789.

POSTS GALLERY

No. 22. West Wall

A

CAT A G U E



OF THE

Second Exhibition of Pictures

PAINTED FOR

M A G K L N

OF THE

ARTISTS OF BRITAIN

MEMORIAL OF THE

BRITISH POSTS

OF THE

C A T A L O G U E.

POETS.

L A V I N I A.

PAINTERS.

No. I.

Thomson.

THE lovely young LAVINIA once had friends;
 And Fortune smil'd deceitful on her birth:
 For in her helpless years depriv'd of all,
 Of every stay, save innocence and HEAVEN;
 She with her widow'd mother, feeble, old,
 And poor, liv'd in a cottage far retir'd
 Among the windings of a woody vale.

Vid. THOMSON'S Seasons—Autumn, Vers. 181.

Mr.
Gainborough,
 R. A.

No. II.

A D A M'S FIRST SIGHT OF E V E.

Milton.

I wak'd to find her, or for ever to deplore
 Her loss, and other pleasures all abjure:
 When out of hope, behold her, not far off,
 Such as I saw her in my dream, adorn'd
 With what all earth or heaven could bestow
 To make her amiable: On she came,
 Led by her heav'nly Maker, though unseen,
 And guided by his voice; nor uninform'd

Rev. Mr.
Peters,
 R. A.

POETS.		PAINTERS.
<p>No. II.</p> <p><i>Milton.</i></p>	<p>Of nuptial sanctity and marriage rites: Grace was in all her steps, Heaven in her eye, In every gesture dignity and love.</p> <p><i>Vid. MILTON's Paradise Lost, Book VIII.</i></p>	<p>Rev. Mr. <i>Peters,</i> R. A.</p>
<p>No. III.</p> <p>Rev. Mr. <i>Gregory.</i></p>	<p>THE VESTAL.</p> <p>Lo, in the injur'd virgin's cause, Nature suspends her rigid laws; By power supreme constrain'd The trembling drops forget t'obey Old Gravitation's potent sway, And rest on air sustain'd.</p> <p><i>Vid. An Ode to Meditation, by the Rev. Mr. GREGORY.</i></p>	<p>Sir <i>Joshua</i> <i>Reynolds,</i> R. A. and President of the Royal Academy.</p>
<p>No. IV.</p> <p><i>Somerville.</i></p>	<p>YOUNG HOBBINOL AND GANDERETTA.</p> <p>One son alone had blest'd his bridal bed, Whom good CALISTA bore, nor long surviv'd To share a mother's joy, but left the babe To his paternal care; an orphan niece, Near the same time his dying brother sent To claim his kind support: The helpless pair In the same cradle slept, nurs'd up with care By the same tender hand, on the same breasts</p> <p>Alternate</p>	<p>Mr. <i>Gainsborough,</i> R. A.</p>

POETS.

PAINTERS.

No. IV.

Alternate hung with joy, till reason dawn'd,
And a new light broke out by slow degrees.

Somerville.

Vid. SOMERVILLE'S Hoblinol and Ganderetta.

Mr.
Gainborough,
R. A.

No. V.

ODE TO MERCY.

Collins.

When he, whom even our joys provoke,
The fiend of nature, join'd his yoke,
And rush'd in wrath to make our isle his prey,
Thy form, from out thy sweet abode,
O'ertook him on his blasted road,
And stop't his wheels, and look'd his rage away;
I see recoil his sable steeds,
That bore him swift to savage deeds;
Thy tender melting eyes they own,
O Maid, for all thy love to Britain shown,
Where Justice bars her iron tower
To thee we build a roseate bower,
Thou, thou shalt rule our queen, and share a monarch's throne.

Vid. COLLIN'S Ode to Mercy.

Mr.
Artaud.

No. VI.

ODE TO SPRING.

Gray.

Lo! where the rosy-bosom'd Hours,
Fair VENUS' train appear,
Disclose the long-expecting flowers,
And wake the purple year!

Maria
Cofway.

The

POETS.

No. VI.

Gray.

The Attic warbler pours her throat,
Responsive to the cuckow's note,
The untaught harmony of Spring :
While whisp'ring pleasure as they fly,
Cool zephyrs thro' the clear blue sky,
Their gather'd fragrance fling.

Vid. GRAY's Ode to Spring.

PAINTERS.

*Maria
Cesway.*

C O M U S.

No. VII.

Milton.

Com. She fables not; I feel that I do fear
Her words set off by some superior power;
And though not mortal, yet a cold shuddering dew
Dips me all o'er, as when the wrath of Jove
Speaks thunder, and the chains of Erebus
To some of Saturn's crew. I must dissemble,
And try her yet more strongly. Come, no more,
This is mere moral babble, and direct
Against the canon laws of our foundation;
I must not suffer this, yet 'tis but the lees
And settlings of a melancholy blood:
But this will cure all strait, one sip of this
Will bathe the drooping spirits in delight
Beyond the bliss of dreams. Be wise and taste. —

[“ The brothers rush in with swords drawn, wrest his glass
“ out of his hand and break it against the ground, his rout
“ make sign of resistance, but are all driven in.”]

Vid. MILTON's Comus.

PRINCE

*Mr.
Martin.*

* Engraved for the First Number, by F. Bartolozzi, R. A. and Engraver to his Majesty.

POETS.

No. VIII.

Spenser.

PRINCE ARTHUR'S VISION.

Forwearied with my sportes, I did alight
From loftie steed, and downe to sleepe me layd:
The verdant gras my couch did goodly dight;
And pillow was my helmet fayre displayd:
Whiles every fence the humor sweet embayd,
And slombring soft my hart did steale away,
Me seemed, by my side a royall mayd
Her daintie limbes full softly down did lay:
So fayre a creature yet saw never sunny day.

• *Vid. SPENSER'S Faerie Queene.—Book I. Canto IX.*

PAINTERS.

Mr.
Fuseli.

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK.

No. IX.

Pope.

But now secure the painted vessel glides,
The sun beams trembling on the floating tides;
While melting music steals upon the sky,
And soften'd sounds along the waters die;
Smooth flow the waves, the zephyrs gently play,
Belinda smiles, and all the world is gay.
All but the Sylph—with careful thoughts oppress'd,
Th' impending woe sits heavy on his breast,
He summons strait his denizens of air;
The lucid squadrons round the sails repair;
Soft o'er the shrouds aerial whispers breath,
That seem'd but zephyrs to the train beneath.

Mr.
Artaud.

Some

• Engraved for the First Number by P. W. Tomhings, late Pupil of F. Bartolozzi.

POETS.

No. IX.

Pope.

Some to the sun their insect-wings unfold,
Waft on the breeze, or sink in clouds of gold;
Transparent forms, too fine for mortal sight,
Their fluid bodies half dissolv'd in light.
Lo, as to the wind their airy garments flew,
Thin glitt'ring textures of the filmy dew,
Dipt in the richest tincture of the skies;
Where light disports in ever-mingling dyes,
While ev'ry beam new transient colours flings,
Colours that change whene'er they wave their wings.
Amid the circle, on the gilded mast,
Superior by the head, was Ariel plac'd;
His purple pinions op'ning to the sun,
He rais'd his azure wand, and thus begun.

Vide POPE's Rape of the Lock.

PAINTERS.

Mr. Ariaud.

No. X.

Gray.

GRAY's ELEGY.

For thee, who mindful of th'unhonour'd dead,
Do'st in these lines their artless tale relate,
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate;
Happly, some hoary-headed swain may say,
'Oft have we seen him, at the peep of dawn,
'Brushing with hasty steps the dews away
'To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

There

Mr. Hamilton,
R. A.

Poets

No. X.

Gray.

‘ There at the foot of yonder nodding beech;
 ‘ That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high;
 ‘ His listless length at noon-tide would he stretch;
 ‘ And pore upon the brook that babbles by,
 ‘ Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
 ‘ Muttering his wayward fancies he would rove;
 ‘ Now drooping, woeful wan, like one forlorn,
 ‘ Or craz’d with care, or cross’d in hopeless love.

‘ One morn I miss’d him on th’ custom’d hill,
 ‘ Along the heath, and near his fav’rite tree;
 ‘ Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
 ‘ Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he:
 ‘ The next, with dirges due, in sad array,
 ‘ Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne,
 ‘ Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay
 ‘ Grav’d on his stone, beneath yon aged thorn?

Vid. Gray's Elegy

PATENTED

Mr. Hamilton,
 R.A.

No. XI.

Shakespeare.

QUEEN KATHARINE'S DREAM.

Kath. Spirits of peace, where are ye? Are ye all gone?

And leave me here in wretchedness behind ye?

Grif. Madam, we are here.

Kath. It is not you I call for:

Saw you none enter, since I slept?

Grif. None, madam.

Kath. No? Saw you not even now, a blessed troop

B

Invite

Mr.

F. Williams

Poets.		Painters.
No. XI. <i>Shakespeare.</i>	<p>Invite me to a banquet ; whose bright faces Cast thousand beams upon me, like the sun ; They promis'd me eternal happiness ; And brought me garlands, Griffith, which I feel I am not worthy yet to wear : I shall Assuredly.</p> <p><i>Grif.</i> I am most joyful, madam, such good dreams Possess your fancy.</p> <p>* <i>Vid. SHAKESPEARE'S Henry VIII.</i></p>	Mr. <i>Fuseli.</i>
No. XII. <i>Mallet.</i>	<p>AMYNTOR AND THEODORA.</p> <p>Slow as they mov'd, behold ! amid the train, On either side supported, onward came Pale, and of piteous look, a pensive maid ; As one by wasting sickness sore affail'd, Or plung'd in grief profound—Oh ! all ye powers ! Amyntor startling cry'd, and shot his soul In rapid glance before him on her face. Illusion ! no—it cannot be. My blood Runs chill : My feet are rooted here—and see ! To mock my hopes, it wears her gracious form.</p> <p><i>Vid. MALLET'S Amyntor and Theodora.</i></p>	Mr. <i>Stotbard.</i>
No. XIII. <i>Chaucer.</i>	<p>PALAMON AND ARCITE.</p> <p>Know me for what I am : I broke my chain, Nor promis'd I thy prisoner to remain : The love of liberty with life is given, And life itself th' inferior gift of Heaven.</p> <p>Thus</p>	Mr. <i>Hamilton.</i>

* Engraved for the First Number, by F. Bartolozzi, R. A. and Engraver to his Majesty.

POETS.

PAINTERS.

No. XIII.

Chaucer.

Thus without crime I fled, but farther know,
 I with this Arcite am thy mortal foe:
 Then give me death, since I thy life pursue,
 For safe-guard of thy self; death is my due.
 More wouldst thou know? I love bright Emily,
 And for her sake, and in her sight will die.

Vid. CHAUCER's Palamon and Arcite modernized by Dryden.

Mr.
 Hamilton.

No. XIV.

Chaucer.

THE DEATH OF ARCITE.

For virtue, valour, and for noble blood,
 Truth, honour, all that is compris'd in good;
 So help me Heaven, in all the world is none
 So worthy to be lov'd as Palamon.
 He loves you too, with such an holy fire,
 As will not, cannot, but with life expire:
 Our avow'd affections both have oft been try'd;
 Nor any love but yours could ours divide.
 Then, by my love's inviolable band,
 By my long suffering, and my short command,
 If e're you plight your vows when I am gone,
 Have pity on the faithful Palamon.

Vid. CHAUCER's Palamon and Arcite modernized by Dryden.

Mr.
 Hamilton.

POETS.

No. XV.

Jago.

THE GOLDFINCHES.

PAINTER.

MR
Ramberg.

And now what transport glow'd in either's eye!
 What equal foundess dealt th' allotted food!
 What joy each other's likeness to desire,
 And future sonnets in the chirping brood!

But ah! what earthly happiness can last?
 How does the fairest purpose often fail?
 A truant school boy's wantonness could blast
 Their rising hopes, and leave them both to wail.

The most ungentle of his tribe was he;
 No gen'rous precept ever touch'd his heart:
 With concords false, and hideous prosody
 He scrawl'd his task, and blundered o'er his part.

On barb'rous plunder bent, with savage eye
 He mark'd, where wrapt in down the younglings lay,
 Then rushing seiz'd the wretched family,
 And bore them in his impious hands away.

Vid. The Elegy to the Goldfinches, by Mr. JAGO.

Doddsley's Poems, Vol. IV.

THE

POETS.

No. XVI.

Spenser.

MAYN

THE FREING OF AMORET, BY BRITOMARTES.

And rising up, gan streight to overlooke
 Those cursed leaves, his charmes back to reverse :
 Full dreadfull things out of that balefull booke
 He red, and measur'd many a sad verse,
 That horreur gan the virgin's hart to perle,
 And her faire locks up itared itisse on end,
 Hearing him those laine bloody lynes reherle,
 And all the while he red, she did extend
 Her sword high over him, if ought he did offend.

Vid. SPENSER's *Faerie Queene*,—Book III. Canto XII.

Stanza XXVII.

No. XVII.

Spenser.

SANS-LOY KILLING THE LYON.

But her fierce servant, full of kingly awe
 And high disdain, when as his soverain dame
 So rudely handled by that foe he saw,
 With gaping jawes full greedy at him came;
 And ramping on his sheild, did ween the same
 Have rest away with his sharp rending claws :
 But he was stout, and lust did now inflame
 His courage more, that from his griping paws
 He hath his sheild redeem'd, and forth his sword he draws.

Vid. SPENSER's *Faerie Queene*,—Canto III. Stanza XII.

PAINTERS.

TERTS.

Mr.
 Opie,
 R. A.

Mr.
 Cosway,
 R. A.

THE

POETS.

No. XVIII.

Parnell.

THE HERMIT.

PAINTERS.

Mr.
Nixon.

A river cross'd the path, the passage o'er
 Was nice to find; the servant trod before;
 Long arms of oaks an open bridge supply'd,
 And deep the waves beneath them bending glide.
 The youth, who seem'd to watch a time to sin,
 Approach'd the careless guide, and thrust him in;
 Plunging he falls, and rising lifts his head,
 Then flashing turns, and sinks among the dead.
 Wild, sparkling rage inflames the father's eyes,
 He bursts the bands of fear, and madly cries,
 Detested wretch!—But scarce his speech began,
 When the strange partner seem'd no longer man:
 His youthful face grew more serenely sweet;
 His robe turned white, and flow'd upon his feet;
 Fair rounds of radiant points invest his hair,
 Celestial odours breathe through purpled air;
 And wings, whose colours glitter'd on the day,
 Wide at his back their gradual plumes display.
 The form ethereal burst upon his sight,
 And moves in all the majesty of light.

Vid. PARNELL'S *Hermit*.

CON-

POETS.

No. XIX.

Chaucer.

C O N S T A N T I A.

Nor yet he ended—when with troubl'd mien
 Quick, at his knees, low bow'd Britannia's queen.
 Not so; not so; my father, loud she cried,
 See here thy child, thy daughter at thy side,
 Why look you thus, with wild, and piercing eye?
 'Tis I, long lost—my father—it is I!
 Constantia, who thro' many a death survives,
 And yet to see her king, and sire arrives.
 —Yes, yes, you are my child—these accents tell—
 He could no more; but on her neck he fell.

*Vid. CHAUCER's Man of Law's Tale,—
 modernized by Mr. Brook.*

PAINTERS.

Mr.
Rigaud,
 R. A.

No. XX.

AMORET RAPT BY GREEDIE LUST.

Spenser.

The whiles fair Amoret, of nought affeard,
 Walkt through the wood, for pleasure, or for need;
 When suddenly behind her backe she heard
 One rushing forth out of the thickest weed,
 That ere she backe could turn to taken heed,
 Had unawares her snatched up from ground.
 Feebly she shriekt, but so feebly indeed,
 That Britomart heard not the shrilling sound,
 Here where through weary travel she lay sleeping sound.

Mr.
Martin.

POETS.

PAINTERS.

No. XX.

Spenser.

It was to weet a wilde and salvage man,
 Yet was no man, but onely like in shape,
 And eke in stature higher by a span,
 All overgrowne with haire, that could awhape
 An hardy hart; and his wide mouth did gape
 With huge great teeth, like to a rusked bore:
 For he lived all on ravin and on rape
 Of men and beasts; and fed on fleshy gore,
 The signe whereof yet stain'd his bloody lips afore.

*Vid. SPENSER's, Faerie Queene,**Book 4, Canto 7.**Mr.**Martin.*

No. XXI.

Thompson.

THE COTTAGERS.

Rich in content, in nature's bounty rich,
 In herbs and fruits; whatever greens, the Spring
 When Heaven descends in showers, or bends the bough,
 When Summer reddens, and when Autumn beams;
 Or in the Wintry glebe whatever lies
 Conceal'd, and fattens with the richest sap:
 These are not wanting; nor the milky drove,
 Luxuriant, spread, o'er all the lowing vale;
 Nor bleating mountains; nor the chide of streams,
 And hum of bees, inviting sleep sincere
 Into the guiltless breast, beneath the shade,
 Or thrown at large amid the fragrant hay;
 Nor ought besides of prospect, grove, or song,
 Dim grottoes, gleaming lakes, and fountain clear.

*Sir Joshua**Reynolds,**R.A.*

Here

POETS.

No. XXI.

Thompson.

' Here too dwells simple truth ; plain innocence ;
' Unfully'd beauty ; sound unbroken youth,
' Patient of labour, with a little pleas'd ;
' Health ever blooming ; unambitious toil ;

Vid. THOMPSON'S Autumn.

PAINTERS.

Sir Joshua
Reynolds.
R. A.

No. XXII.

Prior.

SOLOMON REJECTED.

I said ; and sudden from the golden throne,
With a submissive step, I hasted down.
The glowing garland from my hair I took,
Love in my heart, obedience in my look ;
Prepar'd to place it on her comely head ;
O favoured virgin ! (yet again I said)
Receive the honours destin'd to thy brow,
And O ! above thy fellows, happy thou !
Their duty must thy sov'reign word obey ;
Rise up my love, my fair one, come away.
What pang, alas ! what extacy of smart,
Torn up my senses, and transfix'd my heart ;
When she with modest scorn the wreath return'd,
Reclin'd her beauteous neck, and inward mourn'd !

Vid. PRIOR'S Solomon. — Book 2.

Mr.
Stothard.

C

ALEXANDER'S

Poets.

Painters.

No. XXIII.

Dryden.

ALEXANDER'S FEAST.

ML.
Artaud.

Now strike the golden lyre again :
 A louder yet, and yet a louder strain.
 Break his bands of sleep afunder,
 And rouse him, like a rattling peal of thunder.
 Hark, hark, the horrid sound
 Has rais'd up his head ;
 As awak'd from the dead,
 And amaz'd he stares around,
 Revenge, revenge, Timotheus cries,
 See the furies arise,
 See the snakes that they rear,
 How they hiss in their hair,
 And the sparkles that flash from their eyes.
 Behold a glist'ning band,
 Each a torch in his hand ;
 Those are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were slain,
 And unbury'd remain,
 Inglorious on the plain :
 Give the vengeance due
 To the valiant crew.
 Behold how they toss their torches on high,
 How they point to the Persian abodes,
 And glittering temples of their hostile gods.
 The princes applaud, with a furious joy ;
 And the king seiz'd a flambeau with zeal to destroy.
 Thais led the way,
 To light him to his prey,
 And like another Helen fir'd another Troy.

Vid. DRYDEN'S *Alexander's Feast*.

THE

POETS.

PAINTERS.

No. XXIV.

THE DEATH BED OF THE JUST.

Young.

The chamber where the good man meets his fate,
 Is privileg'd beyond the common walk
 Of virtuous life, quite in the verge of heaven.
 Fly, ye profane ! If not, draw near with awe,
 Receive the blessing, and adore the chance,
 That threw in this Bethesda your disease ;
 If unrestor'd by this, despair your cure.
 For, here, resistless demonstration dwells ;
 A death-bed's a detector of the heart.
 Here tir'd dissimulation drops her masque,
 Through life's grimace, that mistress of the scene.
 Here, real and apparent are the same.
 You see the man ; you see his hold on Heaven ;
 If sound his virtue ; as Philander's found,
 Heaven waits not the last moment ; owns her friends
 On this side death ; and points them out to men,
 A lecture, silent, but of sovereign power !
 To vice, confusion ; and to virtue peace.

The Rev.
 Mr. *Peters*,
 R. A.

F I N I S.

The **HOLY FAMILY,**

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To be ENGRAVED by Mr. SHARP.

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No. IV. THE DEATH OF ARCITE, by Ditto.

